

SAD STORY OF A MONKEY THAT HUNG HIMSELF, CYCLE AND BE STRONG.

His Heart Was Broken
When They Removed
Him from His
Sweetheart.

Franko died for love. His case is one that must touch the hearts of all sympathetic humanity. That person must be heartless, indeed, who can view without sadness the spectacle of a lover torn from his beloved by cruel circumstances. Before such a story as that of Franko all considerations of race and condition are forgotten in a common human impulse.

He was a monkey of unusual gifts and graces. His memory will long be held in remembrance by the sorrowing relatives and friends he has left behind. The general public will better understand their feelings when they read the story of Franko's death. He showed a depth of true affection beyond any ever recollected in the history of his family.

At the time of his death he lived at Glen Island, where his playful ways had been the delight of young and old. Franko could swing by the tail with unequalled ease and grace. While in that position he would make faces and curious gestures. He had also accomplishments of a more intellectual order.

Until last week Franko had been kept in a cage with a number of monkeys, including a female, to whom he was devoted. According to the standard of her people, she possessed great personal charms. Certainly she held undisputed sway over Franko's heart.

His best tricks were done for her. When a crowd of people gathered round his cage and watched his diverting antics, they thought his sole object was to amuse them. They were mistaken, for Franko was trying to entertain the fair one sitting coyly in a corner. He would jump from one bar to another, appear to slip off the second one, and just as he was about to strike the ground catch on with his tail. The lady monkey would give a typical feminine start of apprehension as he fell, and look relieved and admiring when he saved himself.

The two shared every meal together. It was a pretty and touching sight to see Franko and his mate munching the same apple. He would put his left arm affectionately round her neck, and hold the apple to her mouth. She would bite at it, and if she ate nearly all, not a word of complaint came from Franko's lips. Whatever was left he would accept thankfully. They shared all their meals, joys and sorrows.

For hours they would play together, she Franko from bar to bar, and every corner of the cage. Once she would bite or scratch in her playful way, and up in and do the necessary.

One day, however, she would then stand aside and enjoy the spectacle. Together they were the life of the monkey house and in spite of occasional unpleasantness, the other inmates of the institution looked up to them as social leaders.

The most admirable feature of Franko's behavior was his way of depositing tit-bits of food at the feet of his beloved. A monkey may be very much devoted to his wife, but he will seldom carry his feelings so far as to relinquish a peanut to her. But Franko was infinitely superior to ordinary monkeys, in consequence of which he is dead. When a visitor threw a nut into the monkey house and another monkey got hold of it, Franko would fight for its possession. He was usually successful, and then he would carry off the prize of war and offer it to his fascinating companion. In this way she was unusually well provided with delicacies, and was, in fact, an object of envy to all the other females in the monkey house.

But a day came when this romance was ruthlessly destroyed by the hand of man. Ignorant of the bonds which tied these two one soulful hearts together, the keeper put Franko into a cage away from his beloved. At once he showed himself a different monkey. No longer did he swing by his tail and make faces at the visitors. He would even let a girl with a yellow feather in her hat pass by without attempting to pull it out. He sat in a corner and wept, and would not be consoled.

For a day this state of affairs lasted. It was long enough for the keeper to guess the cause of the trouble.

"He is pining for his mate," said the man, and it was decided that Franko should be put back into his old cage on the following day.

But this humane decision was reached too late. In the morning they went to Franko's cage and there they found him dead and cold. He had hanged himself with a small rope from one of the bars of the cage. Unable to endure life apart from his former companion, he had suddenly and violently left it.

No one at Glen Island doubts that Franko committed suicide because of his enforced separation from his mate. Inquire and you will be assured of this.



THE RACING OSTRICH.

Hitched to a Sulky and Able to Cover the Ground Like the Wind.

This ostrich does not hide his head in the sand, as his forbears used to do on the plains of Timbuctoo.

He is a dead game, sporting ostrich from the Rockies. He carries a bit in his mouth and does his running between the thighs of a racing sulky. When he puts his head anywhere, it is in a manger or under the wire in front of a judge's stand.

He is the pioneer of ostrich racing, which, his trainer thinks, is the popular sport of the future.

The birthplace of this first-rate sporting idea is Denver, and the man with whom it originated contends that, if there were ostriches in plenty, ostrich racing could be made as profitable an attraction as horse racing, and could be maintained at much smaller cost.

He has a vision of ostrich trainers and jockeys travelling over the "circuits" of the future, with "strings" of swift feathered bipeds, grooms and exercise boys. He hears in his dreams the layers of odds crying "Timbuctoo Bird 2 to 3 on; Alagazan Bird 1 to 3 and out!" He foresees long delays at the post, fleeting "fields" of big ostriches vanishing past the grandstand in clouds of dust, and the snapshot men pressing the button at the finishes, while thousands cheer and the great birds cackle.

And just to take time by the forelock, and be in the game in season to make the early winning, he has broken this one long-limbed, rangy and full-winded ostrich to harness, and has him coursing in front of a featherweight sulky, twice a day.

This particular ostrich—the first of all racing ostriches—is one of the features of the menagerie at Elitch's Garden, on the Highlands of Denver. Elitch's is a place patterned after the gardens of the Old World. You might fancy there that you were in Vienna or Berlin.

The man who drives the racing ostrich has never yet had courage to get the bird fully extended, so nobody, even around Denver, where the strange establishment is a familiar sight, knows just how badly the ostrich could shatter the racing records, if he had a chance to try.

Miss Hobart, the Model, Who Is a Niece of Candidate Hobart.



The sudden wave of popularity which made Garrett Hobart candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket served to bring before the world a young woman relative of his who, though scarcely past her nineteenth year, has achieved modest success in artistic, dramatic and literary circles.

Those who saw "The Milk White Flag" at Hoyt's Theatre last year may remember a very pretty girl, her face framed in a wealth of light brown curls, and a faultless figure, that the messenger boy's uniform she wore could not conceal. On the programme she was billed as Margot Hobart. It is her real name. And she is closely related to the Republican nominee for Vice-President.

"If I am not capable of making a reputation through my own efforts, I will not be dependent upon my relatives to raise me to fame," she declares.

This is the story of her life, as recently told in print: Miss Hobart is a daughter of the late Francis E. Hobart, of New York. Her father bore a striking resemblance to the Republican nominee, Miss Hobart was educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart,

and until the death of her father had no idea of venturing on a professional career. Her father was a well-known cordage merchant, and left his daughter a fortune of \$80,000, which the young woman will inherit when she becomes of age. She is now nineteen years old. Her mother was a Miss McHenry, of Ohio. After her death Mr. Hobart married his wife's sister, who is now living at Circleville, Ohio.

As a child Margot gave promise of being a superbly-formed woman. Nicholas Benvenuti, the artist, was engaged to decorate the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, and in searching for a model met Margot. He persuaded her to pose for him, and many of the pictures now adorning the walls of that playhouse owe their origin to her shapely outlines.

Four years ago Margot's father died, and she and her stepmother returned to this city. The fame of the girl's beauty had preceded her, and she was eagerly sought after by artists. She has served at times as model for W. Granville Smith, Robert Reid, George Wright, Archie Gunn, W. S. Watson and Benvenuti. When the Fifth Avenue Hotel was decorated recently Margot was employed as the model.

HOW WOMEN MAY AVOID THE BICYCLE STOOP.

BE STRONG.
All Sorts of Chronic
Ailments that Are
Helped by the
Bicycle.

Bicycle riding has long been held to be of great benefit to the health.

This has probably had as much to do with its popularity as the pleasure the wheel affords. Just why all this is true a good many riders would find difficulty in explaining. Dr. Alex. Rixa has written the Sunday Journal what his belief is, and why he thinks as he does. This is what he says:

Not one dissenting voice has come to my knowledge in reference to the beneficial effect of bicycle riding. I recollect, however, that in the seventies, when velocipedes riding was in its glory, especially among students, just as cycling now is, Professor Opolzer, of the Royal Medical University, Vienna (one of the foremost men in his profession), in one of his lectures condemned wheeling in harsh terms as detrimental to health. This condemnation, coming from such a source, was almost equal to an interdiction from the Pope in the Middle Ages.

What are the advantages and disadvantages of cycling?

There is no doubt that it is an excellent preventive of disease, and consequently a promoter of health. It acts in a beneficial way on the respiratory and in a measure on the digestive organs. It is without question a very potent remedy for anemia—a condition of the blood which consists of the diminution of the red blood corpuscles.

There are various nervous affections—neurasthenia, headaches, insomnia, asthma and neuralgia—which may be greatly benefited by this exercise, provided it is practised in a measure appropriate to the physical condition of the cyclist and under advice of a physician.

In the incipient stage of pulmonary consumption moderate wheeling will be beneficial, as it will act as a preventive to the condensation of the air cells (alveoles) of the lungs.

In some forms of chronic pelvic affections of females cycling is of great advantage. However, it should not be practised without the advice of an efficient physician.

What should be the attitude of the rider?

One should sit as erect as possible on the wheel, which position, I notice, is maintained by the majority of female riders, while the men sit more or less curved on their machines.

The female saddles, at least those which I have examined, are unfit for healthful use. None of them is adapted to the anatomical form of the female pelvis, and they consequently will cause in time pelvic troubles and perhaps deformities, to the persistent rider, not mentioning the perversities which they are apt to cause in the generative organs.



Some Important Things
to Know About Train-
ing the Back and
Shoulders.

The beauty specialist has become an important factor with the fashionable girl. It is upon her instructions and methods that reliance is placed to remedy the defects that mar the form or carriage, resulting either from nature's neglect or personal carelessness.

The bicycle has destroyed the good carriage and erectness of figure of many women who are now seeking to overcome what is called the "bicycle stoop."

The round-shouldered girl is an affliction to the eye. The girl whose walk and carriage are not graceful is a source of sorrow and heartburning, both to herself and the mother who wishes all that can be had for her.

There is one specialist who has a new cure for the defects mentioned, and the results, she says, are wonderful. "You will notice, if you are interested in beauty," she said the other day, "how few women have a good back. The defect in their makeup lies there. Their shoulders are too high, if not uneven, or they slope forward or lean back, throwing out the back too much. Or the back is flat, and there is an ugly, broad look to the belt. That is what makes the shirt waist unpopular with some women, because it gives them such a homely waist line at the back."

"That can all be remedied, but it must be done by rounding the back. You will tell me I have just criticised a round back. But I did not. I criticised round shoulders. The two are different. A round back means a round waist, and if a woman has a round waist she is pretty sure of a good figure."

"To tell you what I mean: I have a stout woman who comes here for the beautifying of her back. Her waist measures thirty inches. And she cannot lace. By the time I get through with her that waist measure will appear to be only twenty-five inches. I shall not materially reduce the waist, but I shall make it round and it will look small. I have even padded small, flat waists until they looked round, because roundness at the waist line takes off four inches every time."

"To make the back take on its first curve of beauty the shoulders must be lowered. The pictures of the famous beauties show those low, sloping shoulders. To be sure, sleeve puffs neutralize this a little, but only slightly. In fact, I have hesitated whether they did affect the general shape at all. They are merely a pretty broadening of the shoulders."

"A stiff-backed, awkward, poor-looking woman must begin the low-shoulder exercise. Let her take her place upon a stool without a back and lift the shoulders as high as possible. Then lower them. After she has done this a dozen times, she will find that she can lower the shoulders an inch below their usual level. Let her practise this until she can bring the shoulders well down into a pleasing slope. This makes the muscles supple, and, insensibly, she will have a slope from neck to arm which will become more and more pronounced as she continues to practise this exercise."

"Now she wants to get the muscles of the back strong. This she must do by sitting upon a stool for five minutes at a time without her corsets on. Mind you, I believe in corsets, but when you are going to train the back you must give it exercise. For a while this unsupported position for five minutes at a time, three times a day, is as much as any woman can endure. If her back aches the third day let her rest for a day without this exercise. It is the hardest of all."

"After this we give the bending back motion. This must be done with the greatest caution. I should say three back bends night and morning, as far back as is comfortable, would be enough for two weeks. Then there comes the systematic back bending, which gives absolute grace to the body. A woman who can throw her body backward from the waist line until her shoulders and back are at right angles with the body is bound to be a model of grace. Each movement of the back is as supple as a kitten at play."

"Now comes the motion which is easy and does great things for the back. It is to straighten the arms out and bring them back to the body. Let the palms of the hands slap the body right under the arms and as high as possible. This lifts the shoulders, straightens the back, and gives a long, full breath. Weak hearts become strong by this exercise."

"I never begin with over six motions at a time. Many of my lessons are a full hour long, but with ten minutes between each exercise. After a woman has stretched out her arms and slapped herself upon the body under the arms I allow her to rest ten minutes before doing it again."

"The last motion I can give for rounding the back is done with the pressure of the hands. You have seen servant girls stand with the hands upon the hips, pressing the waist in. Well, that very movement, done without corsets, almost insures a round waist. It presses the ribs in place and develops the muscles around the spinal column."

"All my pupils take their lessons in evening waist, cut decollete in the back. With a high waist they cannot practise and I cannot observe."

DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG.

"Boze" Limp Along Like a War Veteran, But Manages to Cover the Ground.

A living dog, even with a wooden leg, is infinitely better than a dead lion.

That is what Mr. Garrett, of Palaski County, Kentucky, thought when his watch-dog, "Boze," limped into the house one day with his left foreleg barely hanging by the skin.

"Boze" had a foolish antipathy to railroad trains, and the inference was that he had scraped up an argument with an express which had gone through about half an hour before.

Mr. Garrett, who is something of a surgeon-like most good Kentuckians—decided that he might better keep three-quarters of "Boze" than to lose him altogether. So he completed the work of amputation, bound up the stump of the leg and gave the dog first-class care.

"Boze" himself seemed to think life was worth living, and in three or four weeks he was up and about. But his gait was wobbly, and Garrett set to work and made a wooden leg to straighten him up. He whitened and scraped and polished it, and fastened it to "Boze" with a clever arrangement of straps.

At first trial the dog didn't take kindly to the addition that had been built for him, but he couldn't shake it off and finally concluded to make the best of it. Within a week he was walking about with all the four cornered dignity imaginable.

When he wants to jump a fence or chase an invading cat out of the door yard he folds the wooden leg up under him. And a railroad train is something he has no longer any possible use for.

MORE BABY KILLING.

Mrs. Palmer, the stepdaughter of Mrs. Dyer, the baby-murdering fiend, has been released from custody, and rehabilitated as a good and reputable subject, nothing having been found on which to even try her.

At the same time that she and Mrs. Dyer were in custody an epidemic of wrapped-up babies broke out in Epping Forest, not far from London. During the past month five bodies were found at Wanstead alone, and since Christmas between twenty and thirty bodies have been discovered within the Epping Forest area.

A little joke written by her was extensively copied throughout the country. It was as follows:

Model—Do you want a model?
Artist—No, I only paint flowers and fruit.
Model—Well, I'm a peach, see?

Ex-Senator Edward F. Linton, member of the Greater New York Commission, is a cousin of Miss Hobart.



The Dog with the Wooden Leg.



The Ostrich That's a Pacer.